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# Jimmy Wakely

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NO.2

IS A WESTERN  
MOVIE STAR  
A REAL-LIFE HERO  
TO HIS OWN SON?

YOU'LL FIND THE  
EXCITING ANSWER  
IN  
**"THE PRIZE PONY"**



# JIMMY WAKELY

## CONTENTS



3

BIG SMASH WESTERN ADVENTURES

*starring*

★ JIMMY WAKELY ★

"TRAIL OF THE COMPASS"

"THE PRIZE PONY"

"SECRET OF THE WOODEN INDIAN"

*Plus—these action-packed thrillers*

"SAILOR WHO HATED THE SEA"

"PIKE'S PEAK GOLD RUSH"

"SON OF VENGEANCE"

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOR BY TREDA AND SHERRON HALL FROM GLOBE

# Jimmy Wakely

THE COMPASS GANG, THE STRANGEST  
DESPERADOS THE WEST HAD EVER SEEN,  
WERE SUCCESSFULLY TERRORIZING LAWABIDING  
CITIZENS BY THEIR UNIQUE TACTICS! UNTIL  
JIMMY WAKELY, THE CONVOY CAVALIER,  
CARRIED OUT THE MOST DARING PLAN EVER  
CONCEIVED BY A PRAISE-CONST-FIGHTER  
AGAINST KILLERS WHO HAD HIM DEAD IN  
THEIR SIGHTS! HERE IS HARD-RIDING, SHARP-  
SHOOTING AND LIGHTNING-THINKING AS  
ONLY JIMMY WAKELY CAN GIVE YOU IT...

## 'The Trail of the COMPASS!'



AT THE JIMMY WAKELY RANCH, THE FAMOUS COWBOY CAMELIER TURNS ON GUNNAR MOSE.

IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE PRAMIE DISC JOCKEY TO GO ON THE AIR!



AT THAT MOMENT AT MOST BEFORE THE BROADCAST, SETH COOKS, THE PRAMIE DISC JOCKEY, LOOKS OVER HIS WAX RECORD COLLECTION JUST AS THE PROGRAM DIRECTOR ENTERS...

I NOTIFIED JIMMY WAKELY I'D PLAY HIS SONG. "I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO." IN ANSWER TO ALL THE REQUESTS I'VE BEEN GETTING FOR IT. I'LL TAKE THAT RECORD OUT FIRST, SO I'LL BE SURE NOT TO FORGET IT!

HELLO, BILL! SHERIFF NORTON! GON' TO ARREST ME FOR THE MUSIC I PLAY?



SHERIFF NORTON WILL EXPLAIN, SETH! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE MASTER CONTROL AND GET YOUR PROGRAM ON THE AIR. SEE YOU LATER!

YOU'VE GOT ME PLUMB CURIOUS—WHAT'S THE MYSTERY, SHERIFF?



I JUST TRAILED THE COMPASS GANG AFTER THEIR LATEST JOB! I GOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO GET A LOOK AT THEM. I'M GON' TO BROADCAST THEIR DESCRIPTIONS BEFORE YOU GO ON! AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO CAPTURE 'EM!

SOON! IT'LL BE THE FIRST TIME ANYONE HAD A LEAD ON WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE. THAT INFORMATION'S DYNAMITE, SHERIFF!



SUDDENLY!

DYNAMITE THAI'LL BLOW YUH UP-- YUH TRY TO SPILL IT, SHERIFF?

YEAH--WE ROUNDED YUH UP TOO LATE TO STOP YUH BEFORE YUH GOT BACK HERE...BUT NOT TOO LATE TO STOP YUH NOW!



GO ON WITH YORE SHOW JUST LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED! RECKON MAN, CAUSE WE DON'T WANT ANYONE TO GET SUSPICIOUS-- BUT ONE WRONG MOVE AND WE'LL BLAST THE TWO OF YUH!

DO AS THEY SAY, SETH! THE COMPASS GANG ARE KILLERS!





JIMMY WAKELY'S LISTENING TO THE PROGRAM... IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY OF WARNING HIM... BUT, HOW?... I CAN'T SAY A WORD--THEY'LL SHOOT THE TWO OF US!... I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING!

"STOP STALLIN',  
PRAIRIE DISC JOCKEY!  
EY! UNLESS YUH  
FEEL LIKE TASTIN'  
LEAD!"

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE PROGRAM GOES ON... AS SCHEDULED...

HONKY, FOLKS! THIS IS SETH COOKE, YOUR PRAIRIE DISC JOCKEY, KICK INTO YOUR HOMES WITH THE BEST IN WESTERN SONGS! LEAN BACK NOW, AND LISTEN TO THE COWBOYS LAMENT, "KIDNAPPED BY YOUR CHARMIS, MADAME!"

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE WAKELY RANCH...

"GANG UP ON A CHUCK WAGON" CLOSING OUR SHOW FOR TODAY, FOLKS! THIS IS YOUR PRAIRIE DISC JOCKEY RIDIN' AWAY TILL TOMORROW, ADIOS!

THAT'S FUNNY! SETH FORGOT TO PLAY "I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO!" I'LL CALL HIM AND FIND OUT WHY!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, JIMMY! SETH AND SHERIFF MORTON ARE GONE! AND THE SHERIFF WAS SUPPOSED TO BROADCAST IMPORTANT INFORMATION, TOO. HE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHAT HE WAS!

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! CALL THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AGAIN! WHILE... AND DON'T TOUCH A THING!

SOON AFTER, JIMMY WAKELY REACHES THE RADIO STATION ON HIS FLEET HORSE, SONNY...

IT'S NOT LIKE SETH TO FORGET TO PLAY A NUMBER... HE'S ALWAYS PRIZED HIMSELF ON HIS MEMORY... I WONDER IF HE DELIBERATELY DIDN'T PLAY IT... AS A SIGNAL TO ME?

## INSIDE THE STUDIO...

SETH NOT ONLY DIDN'T PLAY THE NUMBER HE PROMISED YOU, JIMMY, BUT ALSO COMPLETELY CHANGED HIS PROGRAM AT THE LAST MINUTE! WITHOUT EVEN TELLING ME ABOUT IT! HERE ARE THE NEW NUMBERS... I COPIED THEM ON MY RECORD SHEET!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THEM!

FOR A LONG MINUTE THE KEEN-EYED JIMMY CAREFULLY SCRUTINIZES THE SHEET AND THEN...

NO WONDER SETH CHANGED THEM! HE WAS TRYING TO GET A MESSAGE ACROSS! JUST LOOK AT THE FIRST WORDS OF THE SONG TITLES HE DID PLAY!

Program Schedule for Monday  
① KIDNAPPED BY YOUR CHAIR  
② BY THE BANKS OF THE RIO...  
③ NORTH WHO...  
④ EAST IS THE MOON...  
⑤ SOUTH PLAYS THE THUNDER!  
⑥ WEST OF THE PECOS  
⑦ SANG UP ON A CHUCK

KIDNAPPED BY NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST GANG... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

THINK HARD! WHAT DOES NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST MEAN? ONLY ONE THING... THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS! NOW THE MESSAGE IS CLEAR... KIDNAPPED BY COMPASS GANG!

## SHORTLY, OUTSIDE THE RADIO STATION...

THREE CRIMINALS AREN'T AWARE OF IT, BUT THEIR OWN HABITS EVENTUALLY TRAP THEM! JUST AS IF THEY LEFT THEIR OWN PERSONAL SIGNATURE ON EVERY CRIME!

THE COMPASS GANG, FOR INSTANCE, IS COMPOSED OF FOUR MEN NAMED NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST. JUST LIKE THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS, WHEN THEY FINISH A JOB, EACH MAN RIDES IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, SO WHEN YOU CHASE THEM, YOU HAVE TO RIDE IN FOUR DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS... NORTH, EAST, SOUTH, AND WEST! I'M GOING TO USE THAT SAME HABIT TO TRAP THEM!



JIMMY SPENDS THE NEXT FEW HOURS THOROUGHLY EXPLORING THE TOWN...



FINALLY, HE STATIONS HIMSELF ON THE ROOF OF A GRANARY...

THIS IS THE ONLY STREET IN TOWN WHICH HAS FOUR ROUTES LEADING AWAY FROM IT! THAT LOAN OFFICE WOULD BE THE ONLY TARGET OF VALUE! IF THE COMPASS GANG RUNS TRUE TO FORM--THAT'S WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT!



FOUR AFTER NOON, JIMMY KEEPS HIS WILY, DAY MEANDERS INTO NIGHT, AND NIGHT CREEPS TOWARDS DAWN...

NOT A SIGN OF THEM!



SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION SHAKES THE SILENT STREET...



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER THREE FIGURES RACE FROM THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION.



THERE HE IS--FURNISHING THE TRANSPORTATION!



TRUE TO HABIT, THE COMPASS GANG FLEES IN FOUR DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS AT ONCE...BUT THIS TIME THE LONG FIGURE OF JIMMY WAKELY HURTLIES THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD THE FLEEING BANDITS!



# JIMMY WAKELY

AS JIMMY FLASHES PAST THE ESCAPING HORSEMAN, HE SWEEPS HIM OFF HIS MOUNT....

HELLO, EAST? JUST THOUGHT YOU'D DROP IN ON YOU!

BLAZES! JIMMY WAKELY!



IN THE FALL TO THE GROUND, JIMMY FINDS HIMSELF AT A DISADVANTAGE, WHEN...

IT SURE LOOKS LIKE I GOT THE DROP ON YUH THIS TIME, WAKELY!

"LOOKS LIKE" ISN'T FOR CERTAIN!



AS THE DOLLER FIRES, JIMMY MANAGES TO ROLL AWAY FROM THE SCARING POWDER BLAST.

**BANG!**



TRY ARGUIN' WITH THIS GUNNET, LUNK!

I GUESS YOU LOST YOUR ARGUMENT!



MOUNTING THE DESPERADO'S HORSE, JIMMY DROPS THE UNCONSCIOUS THUG INTO THE ARMS OF THE NOW AWAKENED TOWNSPEOPLE...

IT'S ONE OF THE COMPASS GANG! WAKE HIM UP AND SEE WHAT INFORMATION HE CAN GIVE YOU!



JIMMY! THE MONEY THEY STOLE FROM THE LOAN OFFICE—WE WERE COUNTING ON IT TO RUN OUR FARM! WE... WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP OUR LAND UNLESS IT'S RECOVERED!

THAT'S WHAT I AIN'T DO! DON'T YOU WORRY NONE, AN'AM!







AS JIMMY RODE PAST, THE LIVERY STABLE, WHERE HE HAD LEFT HIS HORSE, BEFORE BEGINNING HIS VIGIL ON THE ROOFTOP...

TAKE CARE OF SONNY FOR ME TILL I GET BACK. CALED!...SORRY YOU'RE NOT GOING ALONG WITH ME ON THIS TRIP, SONNY! BUT I WON'T BE LONG!

DON'T WORRY, JIMMY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR HORSE AS IF HE WERE MY OWN!



AS JIMMY LEAVES THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN BEHIND HIM...

IF MY PLAN TO TRAIL THE COMPASS GANG TO ITS HIDEOUT TO FREE SETH AND THE SHERIFF IS TO WORK, I'VE GOT TO USE THIS HORSE! THIS IS THE DIRECTION THE COMPASS GANG HOODLUM WAS TAKING WHEN I STOPPED HIM! DUE EAST...I'LL CONTINUE ON IT!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN TOWN, JIMMY'S FATHALL HORSE, SONNY, HAS OTHER IDEAS THAN REMAINING SEPARATED FROM HIS MASTER WHILE HE IS GOING INTO ACTION...

EASY NOW, SONNY! DON'T GO GETTIN' YOURSELF EXCITED NOW!



BUT I TELL YUH JIMMY'LL BE BACK! — OH, WELL, THERE'S NO CONVININCING THAT HORSE!



AND SO, JIMMY'S INTREPID COMPANION OF MANY A BATTLE AGAINST BAD MEN HASTENS TO JOIN HIM...



GOOD BOY, SONNY! I COUNTED ON HIM NOT LETTING ANYONE TAKE HIS PLACE! THAT FITS RIGHT INTO MY PLANS! BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE BELIEVE I DON'T KNOW HE'S TRAILING ME!



THE MANDRILL WHOM PLACE I'VE TAKEN WOULDN'T RIDE DUE EAST FOREVER! THERE MUST BE SOME PLACE AT WHICH HE AND THE OTHERS IN THE GANG PLANNED A BRANDEVISOR! NORTH, SOUTH, AND WEST DON'T OFFER AS GOOD HIDEING PLACES AS THIS TERRITORY AROUND HERE! THAT'S WHY I'M BANKING ON THE OTHERS JOINING MR. EAST!



I WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTING CLOSE TO THE GANG ON MY OWN HORSE! BUT RIDING THEIR PAID HORSES MIGHT POOL THEM FROM A DISTANCE, AND ENCOURAGE THEM TO COME NEARER! WE'LL, I GUESS I'VE BEEN SILHOUETTED LONG ENOUGH ATOP THIS HILL! IF THE GANG'S ANYWHERE IN THE VICINITY--THEY'LL HAVE SPOTTED ME BY NOW!



AS THE TENSE JIMMY SLOWLY CANTERS DOWN THE HILL...

THAT'S EAST'S HORSE, ALL RIGHT... BUT NOT EAST! WE'VE PLUMB BEEN FOOLED!

IT'S JIMMY WAKELY! HE MUST'VE CAPTURED EAST!



IT'S THE REST OF THE COMPASS GANG! BUT I CAN'T RIDE BACK TILL THEY LEAD ME TO THEIR HIDEOUT!

BLAST 'EM... BEFORE HE GETS US!

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**



WITH SPLIT-SECOND THINKING, JIMMY SOMERSAULTS OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CHILLING BULLETS!...

**BONG, BANG, BANG**

I'VE GOT TO KEEP DUCKING THEIR BULLETS TILL THEY'VE EMPTIED THEIR GUNS...AND HAVE TO USE ANOTHER METHOD TO CAPTURE ME!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THREE LASSOES WHIRL THROUGH THE AIR AND ENROPE JIMMY...



WHEN! I JUST MANAGED TO GET THE LASSOES UNDER MY ARMS!

GUESS YOU'VE GOT ME!

SO YOU'RE THE GREAT JIMMY WAKELY! WELL, YOU'RE AN ACROBAT... NOT A GUN-FIGHTER! WE'RE GOIN' TO TAKE YOU TO SOME FRIENDS OF OURS, WHO'VE BEEN EXPECTIN' YOU TO RESCUE 'EM!





AS THE COMPASS GANG LEADS JIMMY TOWARDS ITS HIDE-OUT, CLEVERLY CONCEALED AMIDST A MAZE OF ROCKS...

TOO BAD YUH DISAPPOINTED YORE FRIENDS, JIMMY! THEY SURE WERE POSITIVE YU'D FIND 'EM!

HE FOUND 'EM ALL RIGHT! BUT WHO'S GONNA FIND HIM... 'CEPT THE COMPASS GANG?



SUDDENLY, JIMMY UTTERS A PIERCING WHISTLE... WHICH IS ANSWERED BY A SHRILL NEIGHING...



BEFORE THE STARTLED OUTLAWS CAN ACT, JIMMY LEAPS ABOARD HIS RACING HORSE, AND AS THE SLACK IN THE LASSOS IS SUDDENLY TAKEN UP...

GOOD BOY, SONNY!

LOOKOUT!

ROPE'S BURNIN' RUN HAND!



WHIRLING SWIFTLY, JIMMY DUCKS EXTRA GUNS FROM HIS SADDLEBAG AND ANSWERS THE BULLETS OF THE DESPERATE THUGS...

BANG!  
BANG!

STOP HIM...  
QUICK... BEFORE  
...UH!

OWWWW! I  
GIVE UP!

BANG!  
BANG!



LATER... WITH THE COMPASS GANG AS - UNITED IN JAIL, AND THEIR LOOT RE-TURNED, JIMMY VISITS WHIST, WHERE...

THIS IS YOUR FAVORITE DISC JOCKEY, FOLKS! AND THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO PLAY IS ONE OF JIMMY WAKELY'S FAVORITE SONGS... AND JIMMY HIMSELF IS HERE TO LISTEN...

...AND MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE STEPS YOU THIS TIME, SETH!





**Hal**

**NEWHOUSER**

**CHAMPION PITCHER FOR THE DETROIT TIGERS**

**TIGER'S AGE**  
SOUTHPAN POSTED 31  
VICTORIES IN '48 - THIRD  
YEAR NEWHOUSER'S  
TOPPED AMERICAN  
LEAGUE PITCHERS  
IN WIN COLUMN.

**"PRINCE HAL"**  
PIRED THIRD  
STRIKES PAST 22  
CHICAGO CUB  
BATTERS IN '48  
WORLD SERIES  
FOR NEW  
ALL-TIME RECORD!

**AS A SONNY**  
15-YEAR-OLD ON  
DETROIT SANDLOTS,  
HAL HAD ALREADY  
ATTRACTED MAJOR  
LEAGUE SCOUTS.  
CHAMPIONS START  
YOUNG!

**SWELL**  
TRAINING DISH,  
GANG!

**BOY - HE**  
CAN'T MISS!

**YEAH - AND HE**  
EATS WHEATIES,  
TOO!

**HEAD OF HIS OWN BOY'S**  
GROUP - "HAL'S PALS CLUB, INC."  
- NEWHOUSER ENJOYS SHARING  
TIPS ON SPORTS, TRAINING,  
AND FAVORITE BREAKFAST  
LINE-UP IS A BIG BOWL OF  
WHEATIES - SERVED UP  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT. SAYS  
HAL, "THERE'S A TRAINING  
DISH THAT'S GOOD TO EAT  
- AND PLENTY NOURISHING!"

**WHEATIES<sup>®</sup> BREAKFAST<sup>®</sup> CHAMPIONS<sup>®</sup>**

**WITH MILK AND FRUIT**

**WHEATIES**  
MADE IN AMERICA

**SAVE HE DOESN'T**  
NEED TO WARM UP...  
HAD HIS WHEATIES!

**MAYBE I CAN**  
HIT IT WITH  
THIS!

# Jimmy Wakely and his son Johnny

## in "THE PRIZE PONY!"

A JIMMY WAKELY FATHER-AND-SON STORY

ISN'T THAT PONY  
A BEAUTY, DAD?  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO WIN HIM FOR  
ME, AREN'T  
YOU?

I'M SURE GOING  
TO DO, JOHNNY! BUT,  
REMEMBER, SON, THERE  
ARE A LOT OF GOOD MEN  
IN THAT CONTEST! AND  
THEY'RE ALL GOING TO  
BE TRYING JUST AS  
HARD AS I AM TO WIN  
THAT PONY FOR THEIR  
SONS!

WESTERN  
FATHER AND SON OUTING  
FOOD UN  
ROLIC! GRAND  
PRIZE!  
A GENUINE  
MUSTANG PONY  
TO BE GIVEN TO THE SON  
OF THE FATHER WHO  
WINS THE CONTEST!

I'M NOT WORRIED, DAD! YOU'RE  
JIMMY WAKELY! YOU CAN'T LOSE!

THANKS FOR YOUR FAITH IN  
ME, SON. WELL, THEY'RE  
SOUNDING THE CALL FOR  
THE CONTEST! LET'S GO!



As the excited fathers and sons converse on the contest grounds...



YOU KIDS MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP! MY DAD'S SURE TO WIN!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY, TIM! WHEN MY DAD WINS THE PONY FOR ME, I'LL LET YOU RIDE HIM!

THE KIDS ARE TAKING THIS CONTEST POWERFUL HARD! JUST LISTEN TO THEM, JIMMY! EACH ONE FEELS ONLY HIS FATHER CAN WIN!

YOU KNOW HOW KIDS ARE, FRANK! IT'S A LIFE-AND-DEATH MATTER WITH THEM! WE'LL GIVE THEM OUR BEST!



At the judges' stand...

SHERIFF VINTON, WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE JUDGED THIS CONTEST, IS OUT LOOKING FOR THE KEEPER BROTHERS GANG AND THE SPOKEN CANYON CITY JIMMIES, SO HE'S SIDING FOR HIM! WELL, THE FATHER WHO WINS THE MOST POINTS IN THE THREE ELIMINATION CONTESTS, QUALIFIES FOR THE GRAND PRIZE OF THE PONY! BUT HE CAN WIN THE PONY, ONLY IF HE SUCCESSFULLY FULFILLS A TASK PICKED OUT FOR HIM BY HIS OWN SON! UNTIL A FURTHER QUALIFIER, WHAT THAT TASK WILL BE-- WILL REMAIN A SECRET!



As the fathers prepare for the first contest.

GOOD LUCK, JIMMY!

MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO!



The first contestants demonstrate their skill against small Indian beads hurled high into the air by their sons.



C'MON, DAD!

YOU CAN HIT 'EM, POP!

HERE THEY GO, DAD!

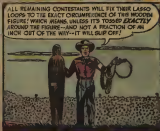
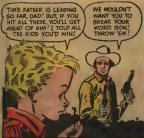
And then, it's the turn of Jimmy Wakely and son.

LOOK AT ALL THOSE INDIAN BEAD-JOBNNY'S CARRYING!

NO ONE CAN HIT ALL THOSE, JOHNNY!

MY DAD CAN!





RIDING FULL-SPEED AT THE ELUSIVE WOODEN FIGURE, JIMMY WAKELY WHIRLS HIS LASSO OVER HIS HEAD AND THEN, JUST AS HE SPEEDS WITHIN RANGE OF IT, HURLS THE TINY LOOP--



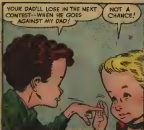
UNERRINGLY, THE LOOP SLIPS DOWN OVER THE FIGURE...

HE DID IT! HE DID IT! I KNEW DAD WOULD DO IT!



YOUR DAD'LL LOSE IN THE NEXT CONTEST--WHEN HE GOES AGAINST MY DAD!

NOT A CHANCE!



JIMMY WAKELY AND FRANK LAND ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT FOR THE LAST ELIMINATION CONTEST! WHICH IS, TO SNATCH A COW FROM THEIR SONS' FINGERS, WHILE RIDING BY AT FULL GALLOP!



AMIDST THE TENSE SILENCE OF THE HUSHED CROWD, THE TWO RIDERS THUNDER TOWARD THEIR SONS, WHOSE HANDS HOLD OUT THE TINY COWS...

C'MON, DAD! YOU CAN DO IT!

YOU CAN DO IT WITH ONE EYE CLOSED, DAD!







TWO HANDS FLASH AT THE GUTTERING COIN—GRASP HOLD OF THEM— BUT ONLY ONE HAND REMAINS HOLD OF THE SYMBOL OF VICTORY...



WHOSE HAND STILL HOLDS THE COIN?



IT'S JIMMY WAKELY'S! BUT INSTEAD OF ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD, HE SWIFTLY TURNS HIS HORSE TOWARDS THE RIGHT...

FRANK LEANED TOO FAR OVER TO GET THE COIN--  
HE'S LOST HIS BALANCE!



WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING, JIMMY WAKELY SMASHES THE FALLING HORSEMAN IN MID-AIR...



IT'S ALL RIGHT, FRANK!

J. JIMMY!

JIMMY TAKES FRANK BACK TO THE CROWD WHERE...

SEE, MR. WAKELY!

THANKS FOR SAVING DAD'S LIFE!

I JUST HAPPENED TO BE ON THE SPOT, TIM!



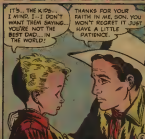
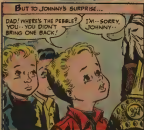
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

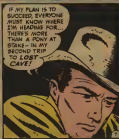
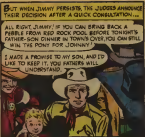
AND NOW, POLKS, JUST LIKE IN THE FAIRY TALE, JOHNNY IS STICKING HIS TRUNK INTO THIS PIE! BUT INSTEAD OF A PLUM, HE'S GOING TO PULL OUT A SLIP OF PAPER ON WHICH IS WRITTEN THE MISSION THAT HIS DAD HAD TO ACCOMPLISH IN ORDER FOR HIM TO WIN THE PRIZE PONY FOR HIS SON! THERE ARE MANY SLIPS, EACH WITH A DIFFERENT TASK--

I'VE GOT ONE!



FROM RED ROCK POOL IN  
LOST CAVE  
BRING BACK  
A PEBBLE  
FROM THE  
BOTTOM OF  
THE POOL!







AS JIMMY RIDES INTO THE OMINOUS-LOOKING ENTRANCE TO LOST CAVE...

HERE GOES!



INSIDE THE BLACK INTERIOR, AT THE EDGE OF A DEEP WELL-LIKE OPENING...

STAND FAST, SONNY! I'M GOING TO LET MYSELF DOWN TO RED ROCK POOL!



I CAN MAKE OUT THE POOL DOWN BELOW... IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



AT THAT MOMENT, FAR ABOVE JIMMY HIS ALERT HORSE REARS IN ALARM AS...

NNYIEEEAAA!



WHILE DANGLING PRECARIOUSLY ON THE ROPE, INSIDE THE DARKER-RAVINE SHAFT BELOW...

THAT WAS SONNY-TRYING TO WARN ME! THE ROPES BEING CUT! CAN'T GO BACK UP! I'VE GOT TO SLIDE TO THE BOTTOM BEFORE--!

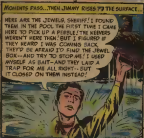


SUDDENLY THE ROPE UNABLE TO BEAR JIMMY'S WEIGHT ANY LONGER GIVES WAY AND...

TOO LATE!







# Jimmy Wakely

THE EAST OF THE WEST IS A HISTORY OF INCREDIBLE HAPPENINGS, OF TREASON REVEALED BY AN ACCIDENTALLY-SPYGLASSED BOULDER, OF GREAT DEEDS OF AMAZING HEROISM, OF RUTHLESS MEN WHO FILED DOWN THEIR GUNS TO MAKE HAIT-TRIGGERED WHICH OF THE OLD WEST IS GONE, BUT BACKMEN AND MANY RELICS OF THE OLD DAYS REMAIN-A CONSERVATION THAT FLESHES JIMMY WAKELY INTO A STUNNING ADVENTURE, WHEN HE SEEMS TO UNRAVEL...

## "THE SECRET OF THE WOODEN INDIAN"



LEAVING CROSS-COUNTRY, JIMMY WAKELY REVEALS AN URGENT LETTER HE RECEIVED EARLIER THAT DAY...

"DEAR JIMMY, PLEASE COME TO GORNER GULCH pronto! I'm in a heck of trouble! Your friend, ED GUGANE."

YEARS AGO, ED USED TO BE LIKE A FATHER TO ME! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM IF I CAN! I WONDER WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE THE OLD GOOT'S GOT INTO?

AS DUSK FALLS ON THE PRAIRIE...

TOO LATE TO MAKE GORNER GULCH TONIGHT SONNY! WE'LL STOP HERE. ONE THING ABOUT THE WEST-A LONE TRAVELER IS ALWAYS SURE TO FIND HOSPITALITY AT A RANCH!





BUT AS THE COWBOY CAVALIER RIDES UP TO THE RANCH HOUSE--

HOLD IT, STRANGER! CIRCLE ROUND AN'-GIT!

SONNY, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE COME UP AGAINST AN EX-CEPTION TO THE HOSPITAL-ITY RULE!



WHEN I SAY GIT, COWBOY, I MEAN VAMOOSE--QUICK LIKE!

SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THIS RANCH...NO SIGNS OF CATTLE OR SHEEP AROUND!

YOU WOULDN'T BECAUSE MY HORSE A DRINK, WOULD YOU?



STOP STALLIN'! OR I'LL START AWUN' HIGHER!

SONNY ISN'T GUN-SHY--



--(BUT I AM! I DON'T LIKE PLAYING BULLET TARGET FOR ANYONE!

HEY! YOU--



THE NEXT SECOND, AS JIMMY'S HIGHER-HAND PUT WHIPS OUT...

AND I DON'T LIKE COWBOY CRITTERS WHO HAVEN'T A FRIENDLY WELCOME FOR LONELY TRAVELERS!



mighty fancy hoggles you carry--IVORY HANDLED! I'LL DUMP OUT THESE BULLETS SO YOU WON'T GET ANY FANCY NOTIONS AS I RIDE AWAY!







AS  
JIMMY  
WAKELY  
RIDES OFF,  
THE RANCHER  
SPRINGS INTO  
THE HOUSE,  
GRABS A RIFLE  
AND IS ABOUT  
TO FIRE IT,  
WHEN A  
RESTRAINING  
HAND  
REACHES OUT...



DON'T BE A FOOL, JACKAL! LET  
HIM GO!



THE NEXT DAY IN GOPHER GULCH...

HAVEN'T SEEN THIS PLACE SINCE I WAS  
A KID, SONNY! USED TO BE THE WHOLE  
TOWN WOULD HANG AROUND ED SLOANE'S  
CIGAR STORE--KIND OF MEETING  
PLACE--BUT IT SURE IS  
DESERTED NOW!



AND ANOTHER THING'S MISSING--  
THE FAMOUS WOODEN INDIAN--  
OLD "INDIAN JOE" THAT USED  
TO STAND IN FRONT OF  
THE STORE. WONDER  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO THAT?

COME ALONG  
HOMER AND  
I'LL TELL  
YUH, JIMMY!



ED SLOANE, YOU  
OLD VARMINT!  
WHAT'S UPT

JIMMY, I'M IN A FIX!  
I CAN'T EAT AND I  
CAN'T SLEEP--SINCE  
THEY SWAPED "INDIAN  
JOE" FROM ME!



SEE WHAT I MEANT EVERYBODY IN TOWN  
IGNORES ME--AS IF I WAS FIRED! WON'T  
NO ONE TALK TO ME--OR EVEN LOOK  
AT ME ANYMORE!

I'M  
LISTENING,  
ED...



IT ALL BEGAN ONE NIGHT  
LAST WEEK, JIMMY! MAYBE  
YUH REMEMBER HOW MUCH  
"INDIAN JOE" WAS PART AN'  
PARCEL OF GOPHER  
GULCH! THE WOODEN IN-  
DIAN WAS KIND OF THE  
TOWN MASCOT... SORT OF A  
MONUMENT TO THE OLD  
FRONTIER DAYS!



"WHEN ANYONE LEFT GORNER GULCH, AND WROTE BACK, HE'D NEVER FORGET TO MENTION INJUN JOE."



"WE EVEN HAD 'INJUN JOE' FITTED OUT WITH CLOCKWORKS YEARS BACK! AND A MECHANISM THAT MADE HIS TOMAHAWK RING OUT THE HOURS."



"OUT IN THE VALLEY, COMMANDS COULD HEAR THE SOUNDS..."

HEAD FOR HOME, BOY!  
INJUN JOE'S TELLIN'  
US IT'S TIME FOR  
CHOW UP!



"BUT LATE ONE NIGHT, A WEEK AGO, I WAS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE STORE..."

A HOLD-UP! BUT MY  
CASH WENT INTO THE  
BANK HOURS AGO...

IT'S NOT YOUR  
CASH WE'RE  
AFTER, OLD-  
TIMER! THE HIM  
UP, WOODY?



SECONDS LATER...

TAKIN' INJUN JOE? WHY  
YUH LOW CRAWLIN'  
SNAKES...UGH!

THIS'LL QUIET  
YUH DOWN, POP!  
JACKAL - HURRY  
UP 'N' GET THAT  
INJUN IN THE  
WAGON!



"WHEN I CAME TO, PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE TOWN WAS IN MY SIGHT. RAIN' HAD"

SO YUH LET SOME  
SNEAKIN' GUNSHOTS  
STEAL INJUN JOE!

YUH GOT A GUN, ED  
SLOWIE! WHY DIDN'T  
YUH AT LEAST PUT  
UP A FIGHT?



A POSSE SEARCHED FOR THE CROOKS, BUT GOT NOWHERE! EVERYBODY WAS SORE AS BLAZES AT ME FOR LETTIN' THE CROOKS GET AWAY WITH 'INJUN JOE'...



BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE STEAL A WOODEN INDIAN, EPT' EVEN AS AN ANTIQUA, IT CAN'T BE WORTH MUCH MONEY!



I DUNNO, JIMMY! I COULDN'T EVEN TELL THE POSSE MUCH ABOUT THE MASKED CROOKS...

IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST! BEFORE I KNEW IT, I GOT SLUGGED WITH THAT IVORY-HANDLED GUN BUTT AN'...



AN IVORY-HANDLED GUN? I JUST SAW ONE LAST...ED, YOU GO ON HOME, I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF! SEE YOU LATER!

SOON AFTER...

OF COURSE THERE'S MORE THAN ONE IVORY-HANDLED SHOOTIN'-IRON IN THESE PARTS, SONNY! BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE ON A HOT TRAIL! SCRATCH GRATEL, BOY!



LATE THAT DAY... AFTER JIMMY HAS BACKTRAIL-ED INTO THE HILLS...

I HAD A HUNCH THE FIRST TIME THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS RANCH! THERE'S THE TRIGGER-HAPPY HOMBRE WE TANGLED WITH, SONNY!



YOU AGAIN? OKAY, BOY, YUH'RE ASKIN' FER IT!

BUT WITH A DAZZLING BLUR JIMMY'S HAND MOVES...

HUH? YOU MUST HAVE A TRICK HOLSTER! NOBODY CAN DRAW THAT FAST!

JIMMY WAKELY CAN... WHEN HE HAS TO! DROP THAT GUN!



JIMMY WAKELY! SURE, I'LL DROP MY SIX-GUN—RIGHT ON YORE HEAD!

TRACHERY COMES NATURAL TO SOME CRITTERS...





CLUBBING HIS OTHER HAND JIMMY COUNTERS WITH EXPLOSIVE EFFECT--



"MAYBE A DIP IN THAT HORSE TROUGH WILL WASH SOME OF THE BADNESS OUT OF YOU--THOUGH I DOUBT IT!"

THE NEXT INSTANT--AS A PAIR OF RIFLE SIGHTS IS AIMED AT THE COWBOY CAVALIER--



"RAISE 'EM HIGH, WAKELY! AND NO TRICKS!"

"SURE! YOU GOT THE DROP ON ME...WHO--EVER YOU ARE!"

"HE'S A PRETTY COOL CUSTOMER, AIN'T HE BOSS?"

"YEAH, WOODY! AND NEDDY! MIND TELLIN' US WHAT YOU CAME BACK FOR, WAKELY?"



"THREE MEN..HELD UP A FRIEND OF MINE IN GOTHER GULCH LAST WEEK--"

"I SEE! AND YOU FIGURE WE DID IT, EH? BRING HIM INSIDE THE HOUSE, WOODY!"



"YOU FIGURED RIGHT, WAKELY.. AND THAT'S YOUR TOUCH LUCK!"

"'INJUN JOB'! SO YOU POLEGATS WERE THE MASKED BANDITS!"



"SURE! I SORT OF COLLECT COW DEMENTS THAT TAKE MY FANCY. BOSS HADDIN'S MY NAME!"

"COLLECT? YOU MEAN STEAL, DON'T YOU HADDIN?"





AS THE THIRD BANDIT RUSHES INTO THE ROOM, HE  
KICKS SHACK INTO JIMMY WAKELY'S CRASHING FIST!

WHAT'S GOIN'  
ON--UNGS!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO  
JOIN YOUR PALS JACKAL--  
ON THE FLOOR!



NOT LONG AFTER...IN GOPHER GULCH...

LOOK! IT'S  
"INJUN JOE"  
COMIN' BACK!

JIMMY WAKELY CAUGHT  
THE CROOKS! YIPPEE!



LATER...IN FRONT OF ED SLOAN'S CIGAR STORE...

HADON WAS A CROOK WHO SPECIALIZED  
IN VALUABLE ART PIECES, ED! AND HE  
FOUND OUT SOMETHING THAT NOBODY  
IN GOPHER GULCH SUSPECTED--

WHAT'S  
THAT,  
JIMMY?



"THAT 'INJUN JOE'  
IS AN EARLY WOOD  
SCULPTURE BY THE  
GREAT AMERICAN  
SCULPTOR, CLEM  
BILLINGS! IT'S GOT  
A PRICE TAG ON IT  
NOW THAT MAKES  
IT PRACTICALLY  
PRICELESS!"

YOWIE!  
IMAGINE  
THAT,  
ED!

WELL, WE AL-  
WAYS SAID  
'INJUN JOE'  
WAS PRICELESS  
ANYWAY, BUT  
WE'LL STILL  
KEEP HIM  
RIGHT HERE  
WHERE HE'S  
ALWAYS  
BEEN!



ED: I GUESS WE OWE YOU AN  
APOLOGY FOR THE WAY WE  
TREATED YOU! WE WERE SO  
WILD AT LOSING "INJUN JOE".

I UNDERSTAND FRED!  
BUT I'M SURE GLAD  
EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'  
TO ME AGAIN...THANKS  
TO JIMMY, HERE!



AS THE GUN BOSS DOWN THAT DAY...

HEAR THAT, SONNY?  
THAT'S "INJUN JOE" TELL-  
ING THE WORLD THAT  
EVERYTHING IS ALL  
RIGHT IN GOPHER  
GULCH AGAIN!

